

GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

MORNING, EVENING, SUNDAY AND WEEKLY.

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COATES KINNEY,
C. M. NICHOLS,
D. PHILLIPS,
(By C. M. NICHOLS.)

THE GLOBE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

SUNDAY PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

On the 1st day of August, 1885, the ownership of the Springfield Globe-Republic, with all its property, franchises, book and news, and all other rights, was transferred to the Springfield Publishing Company, and the business of the firm is now conducted by Kinsley, Nichols & Co.

COATES KINNEY,
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D. PHILLIPS,
(By C. M. NICHOLS.)

THE GLOBE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

CORPORATION ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Springfield Publishing Company, a corporation chartered under the laws of Ohio, having been organized, the business of the firm is now conducted by Kinsley, Nichols & Co.

COATES KINNEY,
C. M. NICHOLS,
D. PHILLIPS,
(By C. M. NICHOLS.)

THE GLOBE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1885.

The boys, Ben and Bob, are now hard at it and the blocks are tumbling their way.

As the time until election grows shorter, the list of decapitated postmortems grows longer.

The "Ohio idea" now is to put democracy under and return John Sherman to the United States senate.

The president will not return from the fishing business for some time yet, and the radicals will be kept out a little longer.

Republicans in New York have the war paint on and are ready to go into the fight with an air of confidence that means success.

General R. P. Kennedy opened his campaign last night, at Wapakoneta. The meeting was a rouser and indicates, beyond a doubt, that the republicans are alive in that neck of the woods.

The average applicant for office is sick, not physically but mentally. It is caused by that prolonged fishing excursion of the president's. This was to be a good old democratic administration, the democrats were to have the office, and the president was to work eighteen hours per day and no vacation. The executive table was to be spread with sausage, corn bread and pumpkin pie. But, alas! their too good hopes have gone glimmering. They don't get the office, and the president does go fishing and drink ale with toast just like other politicians.

The oldest citizen has again come to the front with the statement that such cool weather never was known in August and early September as we have recently experienced and are now experiencing. The croaker, also, rises to remark that we will have nothing but soft corn this year, because of the yet green condition of the crop and the effect of the expected early frosts upon it. This leads us to remark, in the language of the old husbandman, that "if we attend to our part of the business nature will get along all right with hers."

It is a question whether the president will make another attempt to fire the traveling diplomat, A. M. Keitt, into some other nation's capital. He deserves to be nursed tenderly by the administration, in view of the fact of his having fought four years against the union, and because he had not forgotten his rebel habit in 1869, when he made a fiery bourbon speech at a political meeting in Petersburg, Va. After having vilified union soldiers and their brave leaders, he said, "What shall I say of Ulysses S. Grant, the dummy who drives his horse on the Jersey beach, and styles himself the president?" Surely a man who could vent his Satanic hate against the name of Grant, should not be left by this democratic administration to sit and sing in pensive melancholy, "Oh, Carry Me Back to Ole Virginia."

Governor Hoadly was the power behind the throne which secured the pardon of the notorious Mullen. Mullen's offense was that on the eve of the October election, last fall, he, as the officer of the law, imprisoned more than one hundred colored men and kept them confined until too late to vote, their offense being that they were republicans, and proposed to vote the republican ticket on the morning. For this offense and this alone, they were put behind the bars. This was done in the interest of democracy, and the act must be recognized as one worthy of reward. For this usurpation of authority Mullen was sent to jail. It then became the business of democracy to have him pardoned, and Governor Hoadly handed the pardon.

in the pardon business and finally succeeded in interesting the president in the matter. It may be safely inferred that this arch enemy of the colored man owes his liberty, today, to the democratic governor of the state of Ohio.

Poor old Durbin Ward has not been heard of since the convention. Defeat is certain, and, that being the case, Durbin recognized his right to lead the ticket. He was pushed aside, however, and now proposes to stand silently by and witness the obsequies of the old party in Ohio.

Dr. Leonard and His Don't Work.

Today, as Doctor Leonard turns his face conferenceward, we affectionately commend to his personal discipline of the church he thinks he is serving. This little book contains some "mighty good reading," and careful consideration of its teachings will put the good doctor in just the frame of mind that this season of the year ought to find him in.

This has been a busy year for the doctor, full of valuable experience. He has traversed the way all along from the preacher down to the politician. He has done everything from pronouncing the benediction down to calling his friend a liar, and his opinion upon things sublimely ought to be as valuable as his knowledge about things altitudinal. And now, as he retires from politics for a few days, (as we hope he will,) we venture to ask him how he likes it as far as he has gone?

We fancy we see the good doctor on his way down to Walnut Hills, clad in a brand new linen duster and a benignant smile, as he sits down in the car to think of the good chicken that is waiting for him at the other end of the line. Perhaps that chicken may be roasting serenely in the coop of Bro. Foraker, who, we believe, is one of the prominent members of the Walnut Hills charge. All thoughts of the infamous Gladden are gone from his mind, and while he is in peaceful contemplation of his surroundings let us read to him from the Discipline a few of the "Rules for Preachers' Conduct":

"Tell everyone under your care what you think wrong in his conduct and temper, and that lovingly and plainly, as soon as may be, else it will fester in your heart. Make all haste to cast the fire out of your bosom."

"Speak evil of no one, because your word, especially, would do a canker. Keep your thoughts within your own breast till you come to the person concerned."

"Believe evil of no one without good evidence; unless you see it done, take heed how you credit it. Put the best construction on everything. You know the judge is always supposed to be on the prisoner's side."

"Converse sparingly, and conduct yourself prudently with women."

NOTES AND OPINIONS.

The Cart-Wheel Nuisance.

The calling in of the cart-wheel dollers will emphasize the inconvenience and nuisance of the cart-wheel silver dollers, and possibly do something to abate the continuance of the foolish and useless coinage.

Save Kankakee.

Bowels of compassion are apparently not characteristic of the editors of the Canadian northwest. In response to a request for views, twenty of them telegraphed a Winnipeg paper that they favored the prompt hanging of Louis Riel. Pioneer Press.

It Makes a Difference.

In 1882, when the republicans were in power, the pennsylvania democrats in their convention protested against the system; in 1885, the democrats being in power, they neglected to protest against the same system. It makes a heap of difference as to the looks of the watermelon whether the observer is inside the patch or not.—Baltimore American.

Profundity Interested.

The administration is profoundly interested in the verdict which New York will render in November. With a New York man in the presidential office and two from his own state in the cabinet—not to mention many other good things that have come to New York since the 4th of last March—the administration naturally hopes that it is not going to be rebuked by a decisive democratic defeat in that state this year.—National Republican.

This Hits Lots of People.

The world is like a cat, says Hugh Conway in one of his novels—all right if you rub it the right way. A good deal of the irritability and nervousness of men and women arises from the fact that they unload their burdens upon one another too often. The man meets an acquaintance and says: "I don't know what I am going to do with that boy of mine. And then he proceeds to retail all of that boy's shortcomings until his acquaintance is forced to hasten the repatriation of one of his own children, or to lighten the burden of the complainant. I overheard a man in a New York street car telling in a sorrowful way how his wife was nervous and peevish and sleepless, and so on. It was a sad thing for him to say, and he didn't say it critically. The listener—a listener because he was wedged in a seat—said in a very matter-of-fact way: "That's just the way my wife is." 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